THE LEDGER.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1889.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

It is not that one's dwellingIt do ever immaculate—
No stain to cause regretful thrill,
Nor broken cup or plate;
The broom turned stiffly upside down,
The muffins never a shade too brown,
And the roly-poly the best in town.

It is not that the parlor be
Kept always in dark and gloom,
To morbid spirits dismally
Suggesting a coffin-room:
The chairs at angles so precise,
The brie-a-brac all so rare and nice—
Too delicate even to bear advice.

It is not that the family group
Be moulded to act by rule,
Like little prigs who eat their soup,
And dignified walk to school—
Who may not laugh, nor leap, nor stir,
But deep displeasure to rouse in *her*,
The not-able household manager.

O, wear and tear will have their way!
E'en "the high priest rent *his* clothes;"
And mildew, insect and decay
Distigure the fairest rose;
And good housekeepers, like you or I,
May work and worry until we die,
And something yet will go wrong and wry

The china will give itself a nick,
And cookery tarnish gilt;
The best of husbands, feigning sick,
Lie down on the crazy quilt.
The flies will revel like wicked elves;
We may write our poems on pantry shelves
With finger crayons—but dust themselves.

Then what *is* good housekeeping, pray?
Why, only with quiet grace,
To do what seemeth best each day
To brighten Love's dwelling-place—
To keep it pure as you agure dome;
To make it so cheerful that none may roam
Beyond a healthful and happy home.

—Marie Howard, in Good Housekeeping.

UNDER A CLOUD;

— OR, —

CLEARING HIMSELF.

The Thrilling and Absorbing Story of a Great Crime.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,

AUTHOR OF "HER LIFE'S SECRET," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

"I don't want that you should understand," said Ingot, with more of his old confidence than he had betrayed that day. "You know just as much as you are fit to bear. Come, I'll be easy with you. Tell me that you will marry me, say to-morrow, and I won't urge the thing now. You don't look fit to stand, that's a fact."

Her eyes roved everywhere about the room before they settled upon his hateful face.

"I—I must," she whispered. "I promise it. But give me time—a little time."

"I will give you time—a week if you'll promise that, honest and sure. Come what will, whether he lives or dies, you'll marry me at the end of a week. Say that and I'll believe you and take the risks."

"I will—I will," promised the poor girl, hysterically wringing her hands. How could she do otherwise when the life of the brother she adored hung upon her words! She was only conscious of one impulse, to get out of the presence of this man who tortured her—to hide with her bruised and broken heart from all the world.

Ingot left to call Sarah, whose brother had arrived and taken his place in the sick room.

"Miss Carol is quite broken down. I want you to put her to bed and keep her quiet," he advised, and turned away into Lyman's den, where he threw himself into an easy chair before the glowing grate.

"I don't know how it is, but that girl can wind me 'round her little finger when she likes. I don't begrudge the week if it brings her to me willingly, and she'll keep her word now she's given it. She never promised out and out before, only left the idea that she gave in as she believed, but now there's not a loop-hole left her. Lyman wasn't quite so bad as I took him to be in his cold-blooded plotting. The wonder is, so long as he'd made up his mind to take that way out of his scrape, that he didn't do something in the way of making restitution to Everleigh. Hang it all, how am I to know but he did?"

With this new thought in his mind. Mr. Ingot was no longer quiescent. He sprang up and began pacing the room, casting uneasy and speculative glances about him. What had Lyman been doing during those long night hours at the bank? The bookkeeper had held the opinion hitherto that the extra work was only meant to keep down an uneasy conscience, but it occurred to him now that he might himself be placed in an embarrassing position if Lyman had left a confession for Mr. Everleigh.

He had no scruple about searching the desk of the injured man. It was easy for him to invent an excuse for obtaining the keys to it, and five minutes after his search began a thick envelope, which was addressed to Althea Everleigh, lay in his hands.

"Made up mostly of moonshine, but with enough of unpleasant fact in it to make it safer there," he muttered, as he consigned the missive which he had opened and glanced over, to that bed of glowing coals.

This little incident robbed Mr. Ingot of the light spirits which Carol's concession had given him. It opened up a problem which he had not yet contemplated. There could be no doubt but that Carol would insist upon making the restitution when she should recover from the shock and horror of the time. Now, the idea of wresting fifty thousand dollars from Lyman Childer's unwilling hands had made no inconsiderable part of Hiram Ingot's former pleasant dreams, and his brow clouded over at the prospect of relinquishing his golden hopes.

"After all, it's the girl I want more than the money," he mused. "I'd rather have Carol without it than Miss Everleigh with it, for all her beauty and pride."

Through the dark days that followed, Ingot remained in the house. He took the reins of government in his own hands, and in every way possible spared the stricken girl, who had crept back to her place by her brother's bedside, only leaving it when he came and led her away, commanding the rest or the refreshment which she never seemed to feel the need of herself.

What was she thinking of as she sat there through the long, weary days, far into the gruesome nights, with her mournful eyes resting always on the face which pressed the pillow, now pale and drawn with pain, now flushed with fever and wild with delirium, as the sick man raved and tossed in the grip of the fever fiend? There was no sign to tell, but a weight like lead lay upon her heart.

Only once had there come any thing like a gleam of consciousness or reason to Lyman, and then, waking out of a fitful slumber, he fixed his burning eyes upon her, with a wistful smile trembling on his lips.

"Why, sis, what a time you've been coming to me," he murmured, reproachfully. "I thought you cared more for a fellow. Oh, there! do you see? He has come back from the grave—from the grave—to punish me for the trust I betrayed. Keep off; I tell you, keep off!"

He sprang up in the bed, screaming and

SHE KNELT DOWN BY THE BEDSIDE.

waving back the specter which his fevered imagination had conjured, then clasping his hands to his breast fell back heavily, swooning, Carol thought, but in a moment more he began babbling with only now and then an intelligible word or sentence.

"Edson—Edson! Confound the young jackanapes! why must he rake up that package. You can't have her, Ingot—I'll die first. You'll find every thing made straight, Mr. Everleigh. I tell you, it isn't stealing when a man only takes his own."

And so on and so on for hours at a stretch, while the restless head rolled, and then he would relapse into a stupor which had little rest in it. The doctor was of the opinion that his fever was not so much the result of his wound as of some intense mental strain or nervous shock which preceded it.

"There was no injury to the head, you see. This brain fever would have had him in its clutches in a day or two more, I fancy, had there been no other trouble, and if he dies I can't conscientiously swear that the wound killed him," he confided to Ingot.

"You think he will die, then?"

"There's no telling. He stands a chance, unless blood-poisoning sets in. He seems to have been a young man of exemplary habits, and that much is in his favor."

Ingot made the most of this report to Carol, who never asked a question. She knelt down by the bedside after he left her and laid her cheek against Lyman's burning hand.

"Oh, my brother, you did mean to save me at a frightful cost, but things have changed now, and I will save you. For you will live, dear, live to redeem the past, I know."

Heeding nothing that went on outside of that chamber, she did not know how often Althea had come to be met by the one answer—"Miss Carol would see nobody." And, indeed, the poor child would have shrunk from such a meeting had the matter been left to her.

And meantime, as the weeks wore on, a thought which had dimly suggested itself to Ingot as he stood listening to the doctor's words, took shape in his mind. Suppose Lyman Childer should die, who was there to say that the money he had claimed in the name of his sister and himself was not rightfully theirs? He could retract his statement to Carol, could manufacture some newly-discovered proof of Lyman's innocence perhaps, and if she were not convinced, why, a man can always find the means of controlling his wife's actions, if not her thoughts. Let Lyman live one week out, let Carol in her spirit of sacrifice become his, and the sooner death brooded his black wings over that unhappy house, the better for the plot which was forming in that subtle brain.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHAT THE POSTER SAW.

"I'd ought to a' known that suthin' was goin' to happen. I had a warnin', but I was so sot up in my own conceit that I wouldn't take it. I tell you, Mr. Norris, 'tain't for nothin' that a ghost comes back to ha'nt the places where it knew in life, especially if that place warn't likely to raise comfortable feelin's, and no one can tell me as Edson would enjoy these here premises even in a spiritoual sense."

"Edson!" Norris looked up quickly from his work. "What are you talking about, Bijah?"

Bijah was the porter of the establishment, and he was waiting for the new clerk to get through with his business and go home, as the others had done a good hour before. Bijah cast a nervous glance over his shoulder, and his voice dropped to something approaching a cadence of awe as he made reply:

"You'll hardly b'lieve what I tell you, Mr. Norris, but it's the livin' truth that I saw Edson that night, in the old room there to the right of you, as plain as I see you now. I was goin' about, lockin' up as usual, and as I came in from the countin' room the door there stood open, and I saw Edson in the lookin'-glass over the dressin' table, just as I used to see him, dozens of times, as I went on my round. I was all struck of a heap, and stood starin' at him and him at me for nigh onto a minute. It was Edson, and it wan't him, but the diff'rence was just what you'd look for in a ghost—wasted and yaller and worn, the spookiest lookin' critter—and while I looked, he went out of the glass, and the room was as empty as you see it now. I won't deny there was a cold creep down my back when I went into it, expectin' I hardly know what. There was an old coat hangin' on the wall, and I took it into my head to reason out that that was what I'd seen, and my imaginin' Edson's face to the top of it was what they call a noptical delusion. Wuss luck for poor Mr. Lyman, though I reckon he wouldn't a' took much stock in my spook story if I'd told it to him. That's what gets me! Why didn't the ghost show itself to him? Some good might have come of it then, if it had scared him out of stayin' round o' nights, which I couldn't see the use of noway," and Bijah gave his head a dubious shake.

"It proves to have been a most fortunate thing, outside of the result to him, Bijah Childer left every account straight and clear. The business has been so simplified that, inexperienced as I am, I find no difficulty in understanding it, and there was even a draft of what he intended to do in regard to all the important in crests of the bank. Mr. Everleigh was much moved by so many evidences of his forethought."

Involuntarily the bank porter's countenance brightened.

"So! Well, now, I'm downright glad that there wasn't any thing of the Edson business afoot. I misdoubted, somehow, though I couldn't noway think it of Mr. Lyman, neither. I don't keer now if the ghosts do walk," and Bijah whistled cheerily as he went about his task of clearing up.

Norris, having finished his work, passed into the room which had been occupied by Edson when he was cashier there. It was a plain apartment, bare enough now, with hooks on the wall where the clerks hung their out-door apparel. The old coat to which Bijah referred still hung in its place, and by walking back to the outer room, Norris convinced himself that the angle of reflection would not show it at the spot where the other had stood when he saw his vision.

Had Edson himself been there? He could not doubt it, knowing, as the other did not, that the defaulter lived; but why should he come there—why war with his companion in crime, if Lyman Childer had been that companion? More and more had it been borne in on Norris that this must be the explanation of the case.

"You see, there ain't a place where a cat could hide," said the porter, coming up while these thoughts were passing through the young man's mind. "That ar' detective talked like the burglar might have hid inside, but it wa'n't in here, I'll be bound."

"What is this?" asked Norris, stooping over a small door sunk in the wainscotting.

"That? That's nothin' but a cubby-hole under the stairs. Don't think even a ghost would want to cuddle in there. Bolts rusted in, I reckon; it hain't been open for a year."

The bolts gave readily under Bergman's touch, however, and the door swung noiselessly back. A pile of old ledgers almost filled the space inside, and the dust on them, a quarter of an inch thick, showed no trace of having been recently disturbed.

"You see?" said Bijah. "Good Lord!"

It was only the ringing of the telephone bell which gave him such a start. Norris answered the call, to receive a message from Mr. Everleigh.

"Glad you are there yet. I want you to come up to the house at once. Something to tell you of importance."

There was an indistinguishable growl at the last, as if the speaker were in no good humor, and, in truth, the banker seemed both vexed and troubled when his clerk appeared before him.

"Ingot has resigned," he announced. "I expected to extend his leave, at some inconvenience to myself. He is a thorough accountant, and I will find it hard to replace him satisfactorily at a moment's notice."

"That is not all that is troubling you, sir!"

"No, it is not. There is that child's money which Lyman put with his into the firm. We are on our feet now, so that it can be repaid, but her brother gave me to understand, even when her marriage was spoken of, that he intended to keep the management of it until she became of age. Ingot has given me notice that he intends withdrawing it."

An indignant flash came into his hearer's eyes.

"Has he the right to do this?"

"As her husband he will have. Though Lyman has acted as her guardian, I chance to know that he never took the legal steps to become so in fact. You see, before this recent fortune came to them, they owned nothing but the house they live in, and there was no one to dispute his authority. If the girl herself wishes it, I don't see that I will have any choice except to pay it on demand."

"Are they, then—I thought the marriage was deferred."

"For a week, Ingot tells me. It will be up to-morrow. I think myself it would be in better taste to wait until the crisis is over for Lyman, poor fellow! but I believe Ingot wants to get it over in case the worst comes. He plans to leave the city in that event with his bride."

A cloud of displeasure still shadowed the banker's brow. His sympathy was all with Lyman, and Ingot's cool view of the situation, together with what savored strongly of mercenary calculations, had impressed his late employer most unpleasantly. Norris' heart sank with the news, but he turned his thoughts resolutely to that part of it which most affected Mr. Everleigh.

"Ingot can make you trouble in the event of Lyman's death," he suggested.

"It is not that which worries me. I can meet any demand he may make, though it may inconvenience me somewhat to do so. It is the fact that they can not wait until he is in his grave. He was such a promising young man, too, and I had such comfort in depending upon him. I am a little disappointed in the sister; she seemed devoted to Lyman."

"You have not seen her?" Norris ventured, with the blood stealing into his face, while he kept his eyes averted.

"No. They let me in to see Lyman for a moment, but the poor fellow did not know me. The surgeon tells me it is doubtful if he recovers his senses at all, and that he may drop off any day," and the banker sighed deeply. He made an effort to throw off his gloom the next moment.

"Stay and dine with us, Norris. Althea is out somewhere, but I expect her back every moment."

Norris accepted the invitation, simply because he had no good reason for refusing it, and Althea made her appearance just as dinner was announced. She gave a pleased smile at sight of her father's companion, but Norris noted the grave lines of the proud, lovely face, the unfathomable shadows in the great dark eyes, which spoke of a spirit that was not at ease. She carried him off to the parlor when the meal was ended.

"Come, Norris. Father must have his smoke and his nap in peace. I am glad you are here; I have wanted to see you. Have you made any new discoveries at the bank?"

"Of myself, nothing."

"You know what the detectives think—that there was no burglary attempted, that the open window was left as a blind—but who could have made that attack upon Lyman if it was not for gain?"

Norris hesitated. He had never felt at liberty to disclose what he knew regarding Edson. That secret belonged properly to Uncle Amos, but the story of the porter and his own conviction that Edson had been upon the scene of that dark night's work put the matter in another light. He was divided between a desire to tell all he knew to Mr. Everleigh, and the thought that he ought first to consult with his uncle; but now, obeying a sudden impulse, he narrated the facts to Althea.

She listened intently, her lips compressed into a thoughtful line.

"I shall be glad if you are right," she said, when he had finished. "Edson, living, can unravel some of these mysteries. But why should he injure Lyman Childer? Why go there, if not to plunder us for the second time?"

She was speaking more to herself than to him, and Norris was struck by the sudden haggard change which swept into her face, brought, it would seem, by some self-found answer to the questions she asked. She rose and walked hastily to the further end of the long room. All was in shadow there, and she leaned her forehead against the glass of the window by which she paused. Suddenly she called to Norris in quick, excited tones.

"Come here, please, carefully. Do you see that man across the way? I met him an hour ago as I was leaving Childer's house—the door, rather, for I was not admitted. He stopped me to ask how Lyman was. I thought him a feeble old man then, though he was so muffled I saw little of his looks. Do you know him?—quick, as he turns."

"Edson!" and with a hasty apology, he dashed out of the room, and a moment later was in the street, hurrying in pursuit of the man who was some distance in advance of him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

The figure which Norris followed moved rapidly, though with the uncertain, faltering step of either weakness or age. Once or twice the man glanced back furtively, then, seeming to take the alarm, turned a corner hurriedly, disappearing for the moment from his pursuer.

When Norris reached the spot where he had disappeared he could see nothing of him, but a hack was just turning from the curb, a little further on, and he thought he caught a glimpse of a thin profile within it. He broke almost into a run at that, looking anxiously for another carriage, but before he found one he brought up with sudden force against a gentleman who planted himself directly in his way.

"Hey, Norris, my boy, where are you going so fast? Stand and explain yourself,

"HEY, NORRIS, MY BOY!"

and apologize, too, for knocking the breath out of a man's body like that."

"Uncle Amos! I am sorry, but don't detain me, please. I am after Edson. He is in that carriage, and will escape unless we are quick."

Uncle Amos only tightened his grip which he had placed upon his nephew.

"After Edson, eh! Strikes me you are poaching on my preserves now. Hold on; I must look into this matter a little. Are you anxious to help me or have you gone into the affair on your own account?"

"Does it matter which, Uncle Amos? He was pointed out to me, and I followed him—that was all. He is gone now, at any rate," he added, for by this time the carriage was out of sight, and Norris resigned himself to the explanation which his uncle demanded, turning back to walk by the latter's side as he made it.

"Humph! Gave me away to Althea! Well, that girl knows how to hold her tongue, fortunately. See here, Norris, you came near spoiling every thing with your hot-headedness there. I have Edson as safe as I want him. Trust me to manage the business out. I am going now to Everleigh, to mediate for the poor chap, who has been as much sinned against as sinning."

"You have him, sir?"

"Been living next door neighbor to him for a week, ever since you gave up your extra quarters," and the old man chuckled. "I've gained his confidence, and what's more, have given him mine. Now, I don't want you along while I talk to Everleigh, but come around to that room opposite the bank in the morning and you shall know all about it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SECRETS OF HAPPINESS.

The Effects of a Joyous Childhood on Men and Women.

There are people who seem constitutionally happy, and whose mere presence diffuses joy. There are others against whom nothing can be said except that they appear to be destitute of the power either to enjoy or create enjoyment. There are many causes of this diversity, but the most common one we believe to be this:

The joyous and joy-giving person was happy in his childhood, while the individual whose spirits never rise to overflowing had a childhood of gloom, constraint and contradiction. The happy man was received into the world with a welcome. His coming was to his parents a delight and pride. The tenderest love hovered round his cradle and nurtured his expanding heart. He was always loving and always beloved. Not cruelty *indulge* in every boyish caprice, but gently and wisely trained to do his duty, and supplied with rational means of enjoyment.

It is hardly possible to overstate the blessing of a happy childhood. It is worth while to make any proper sacrifice in order to store the memory of children with happy days. The merry Christmas, the family picnic, the steamboat excursion, the children's party, the occasional gift, are delights that do not cease when the little tired head sinks on the pillow at night; they live again in the character of the joy-inspiring man; they shine in the pleasant countenance of the merry old grandfather. So much for parental duties in regard to this important matter.

On the other hand, no young person should consider it an advantage to get rid of parental supervision and care. There is no other institution like the family; there is no other love like the parental love; there is no other friendship like the friendship of father and of mother. While the boy and girl are yet sprouting into manhood and womanhood they may be a little impatient under restraint, yet every after year of independence will teach the young man and maiden that there were no advantages like those which their parents gave them.

Young man, there are no persons who will tell you the truth so faithfully, there are no persons that know your faults so well, there are none so disinterestedly considerate for your well-being, as your father and mother.

—New York Ledger.

A "SIZE" in a coat is an inch, a size in underwear is 2 inches, a size in a sock is 1 inch, in a collar ½ an inch, in a shirt ½ an inch, in shoes 1-6th of an inch; trousers 1 inch, gloves ¼ of an inch, and in hats ¼ an inch.

SEXTON IN THE SOUP.

Unable to Give Bond, He is Sent to Jail on a Serious Charge.

Officer Quisenberry returned from Fulton Friday morning, having in charge Fielding Sexton, whom he arrested on a charge of horse stealing. The prisoner was at once taken before Justice Winscott, where he waived examination and in default of a $250 bond, was sent to the county jail.

Readers of the LEDGER will remember all of the facts in the case concerning the charge against Sexton. He is accused by Harriet Le Tourneau, his mother-in-law, of having stolen two horses belonging to the old lady. Mrs. LeTourneau, who is a very old French Creole Canadian, told a sorry story to a reporter and it was printed in this paper shortly after the horses were taken. The old lady lives on an eleven acre patch of ground north of Mexico, where, with the assistance of her two horses, she eked out an existence. When her horses were gone, she was placed in a bad plight, as she had but a few dollars with which to get through the winter. Happily, the season was a mild one, and, through the efforts of Officer Quisenberry, one of the missing mares was found. She was on the farm Pitt Cowles, near Auxvasse, to whom Sexton had sold her. The officer then commenced a search for the prisoner, but until a day or two since he met with little or no success. He was located at Fulton Thursday morning and in the afternoon Officer Quisenberry went after his man. He found him without difficulty and Friday morning the prisoner was brought over. Sexton stoutly denies that he intended stealing the horses, but he offers no satisfactory excuse for his strange action. Officer Quisenberry, who has worked faithfully on this case, is now in Callaway in search of the other horse.

Co-operative Stores.

From Colman's Rural World.

Co-operation among farmers is good, provided it is pursued from a business standpoint. Nearly every week we hear of the assignment of a co-operative or Wheel store, and only last week it was the co-operative store at Paragould went under. Why is this? The first place is that any class of men making a departure from their regular line of business must learn from experience—these mercantile failures are only lessons in experience; and the second place is a lack of confidence in humanity. Too many men believe everybody but themselves are thieves and that any body else in their position would take an advantage which they would not. The failure of co-operative stores is a lack of co-operation—too many go in for greedy gain and to come out ahead. Too many business managers have too much confidence in themselves without having had the experience, and too many without experience in humanity, have too much confidence, and so it goes, one without the other breeds neglect, lethargy, loss and ruin.

This from the *Wheel-Enterprise*, of Little Rock, is very plain language and tells an o'er true tale. It is not alone true from that standpoint but from the opposite. Turn the merchant into a farmer or the farmer into a merchant and on general principles they will fail. Many who have not tried it will deny this and are ready to sell out where they are and begin something new. We are old enough and have seen enough of this kind of enterprise to know that while grit and energy and enterprise, with common sense and sometimes with a good education, are good things to have and employ in one's own business, they are the materials to be used only in an enterprise the details of which one is perfectly familiar with. A farmer, ignorant of business in all its details, cannot buy and sell goods in competition with a man of the same calibre, bred and raised to it, any more than can the merchant in the sere and yellow leaf of life lay down his yard-stick and store his scales and for the first time handle the plow, breed sheep or horses and hew dollars out of the soil. There is a propriety in every man's knowing his own business and of putting all his grit and brains into its successful prosecution.

Mrs. B. Crosswhite has been employed to care for the infant left by the death of Mrs. John Baker, until it is adopted by someone.

OUR LITTLE SON,

Four years old, afflicted with a painful skin disease. Six doctors tried to cure him; all failed. Got worse and worse. Completely cured by one set of Cuticura Remedies, costing $1.75.

Our little son will be four years of age on the 25th inst. In May, 1885, he was attacked with a very painful breaking out of the skin. We called in a physician, who treated him for about four weeks. The child received little or no good from the treatment, as the breaking out, supposed by the physician to be hives in an aggravated form, became larger in blotches, and more and more distressing. We were frequently obliged to get up in the night and rub him with soda in water, strong liniments, etc. Finally, we called other physicians, until no less than six had attempted to cure him, all alike failing, and the child steadily getting worse and worse, until about the 20th of last July, when we began to give him CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, and by the last of August he was so nearly well that we gave him only one dose of the RESOLVENT about every second day for about ten days longer, and he has never been troubled since with the horrible malady. In all we used less than one half of a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, a little less than one box of CUTICURA, and only one cake of CUTICURA SOAP.

H. E. RYAN, Cayuga, Livingston Co., Ill.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this fourth day of January, 1887. C. N. COE, J. P.

SCROFULOUS HUMORS.

Last spring I was very sick, being covered with some kind of scrofula. The doctors could not help me. I was advised to try the CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I did so, and in a day I grew better and better, until I am as well as ever. I thank you for it very much, and would like to have it told to the public.

EDW. HOFMANN, North Attleboro, Mass.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

FREE! FREE FROM PAIN!

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp, and Nervous Pains, Strains and Weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing Plaster. 25 cts.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

SAID Uncle Sam: "I will now make
And thus the Indian civilize:
Instead of guns that kill a mile,
Tobacco, lead and liquor vile,
Instead of serving out a meal,
Or sending Agents out to steal,
I'll give domestic arts to teach,
Take of 'IVORY SOAP' to each.
Before it has the guilty stain,
The grease and dirt no more remain;
'Twill change their nature day by day,
And wash their darkest blots away.
They'll turn their bows to fishing-rods,
And bury hatchets under sods,
In wisdom and in worth increase,
And ever smoke the pipe of peace;
For ignorance can never cope
With such a foe as 'IVORY SOAP.'"

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many other soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they are not, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it

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Jefferson City Flour!

IF YOU DO NOT LIKE IT!

I will take pleasure in

REFUNDING THE PRICE!

And lose what is used in trial.

The Glasgow Mills

DECLINE TO SELL TO ME

EXCEPT UNDER MILLERS' ASSOCIATION REGULATIONS.

WM. LLEWELLYN,

GROCER,

West Side of Public Square,

MEXICO, MO.

When It Pays to Get Off!

TRY IT ONCE

And See For Yourself.

GET OFF

THE SQUARE,

And come up on the CORNER to see Mc. and George.

They Will Make You Prices!

—ON—

Dry Goods!

That will pay you for the walk. Don't miss the place—I. O. O. F. Building, Mrs. Sontag's old stand.

Try this CASH HOUSE once!

And you will never regret it.

W. J. McLoney. Geo. A. Frank.

LOOK OUT

- Bargains! -

Read! Read!

Gents' Good Plow Shoes, $1.

Gents' Fine Shoes, good, $1.25; worth $2.

Ladies' Shoes, $1.60; worth $2.40.

CARPETS, CARPETS!

Best in town, 57 1-2 cts., worth 75 cts. Good Union, 25 to 42 1-2c.

Clothing a Specialty.

The best $10 Suit in town.

Good Lace Curtains, $1.00.

Others get $1.50 for them.

We can't enumerate one-tenth of our bargains in this space. Come and see, at the low price dry goods house.

RICKETTS & EMMONS

DRY GOODS CO.

SPRING SEASON, 1889.

The Celebrated Trotting Stallion

ROBERT RYSDYK, (No. 6060.)

Record, 2:24 1-4.

ROBERT RYSDYK is a handsome brown stallion, 8 years old, 16 hands high, and of perfect style and action. His sire is Wm. Rysdyk, he by Hambletonian, 10; dam by Kearsage. He is a first-class breeder and the fastest stallion in the State, if not the United States. His colts are all of fine style and size and many of them are showing phenomenal speed. He will be put in training to lower his record to 2:20 or better, and in consequence he will be permitted to serve only a limited number of mares. I am confident that Rysdyk will make a record of 2:16, if not a lower one.

The Thoroughbred Horses,

WARFELLOW,

By Longfellow,

NARRAGANSETT,

By Imported Eclipse,

AND THE FINE SADDLE STALLION,

MOSS ROSE,

By Montrose.

WILL MAKE THE PRESENT SEASON

At the Fair Grounds, Mexico, Mo.,

ON THE FOLLOWING TERMS:

ROBERT RYSDYK at $50 the season, money due July 1, 1889, or $100 with a good note to bear 8 per cent. interest, dated at time of service and due when he makes a record of 2:20 or better.

NARRAGANSETT and WARFELLOW at $15 the season or $25 to insure a mare in foal.

MOSS ROSE same as Narragansett and Warfellow.

Mares bred by insurance, money due when mare is known to be in foal or parted with. Mares by the season, money due at end of season, July 1st.

When mares are bred to the above horses by the season and fail to get in foal, they may be returned the following year free of charge to the same horse.

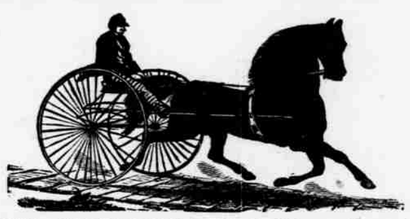
Mares from a distance cared for at reasonable rates. Care taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur.

C. F. CLARK.

GEORGE LEE, Manager.

The Fine Gold Dust Harness Horse,

ROLLA BOY!



Is a beautiful bay, 16 1-2 hands high, with black points, splendid form, good bone, and fine style and action. He was bred by J.W. Hornsby & Bro., of Eminence, Ky., and is 7 years old this spring. He was sired by Lexington Golddust (standard). Record 2:30, with very little handling; he by Dorsey's Old Golddust, the sire of Lucille, 2:16; Fleety Golddust, 2:20; Rolla Golddust, 2:21. Lexington Golddust sired Sir Roger, 2:23; Enchantress, 2:30 at a three-year-old, she having produced Sentress who sired Sir Walter, at a two-year-old without a minute's handling, and trotted in 2:35 at a three-year-old. ROLLA BOY has been handled but little on the track and could trot in less than 3 minutes at a three-year-old. He is just the horse for this country, as his colts have good size, fine style and solid colors, with speed enough to make them excellent sellers.

THE IMPORTED CLYDESDALE STALLION,

Pride of Tweed,

Is well known in Audrain and Callaway counties. He was imported by Singmaster & Sons, of Keota, Iowa, and brought to Missouri by Samuel Harrison & Son, of Callaway county, who bought him for their own use and paid $1,600 for him at a three-year old. He has proven himself to be a splendid breeder and many of his colts have sold at from $175 to $250. PRIDE is a beautiful bay 16 1-2 hands high, 8 years old and weighs 1800 lbs; as to bone and symmetry cannot be surpassed. Sired by Osman Pasha (1777), vol 4; by Young Conqueror, (600), vol. 3. * * This is one of the BEST BRED DRAFT HORSES IN THE STATE, and parties who want to breed to imported stock at hard time prices should not miss this opportunity.

This stock will make the present season at J. B. Botkin's old livery stable in Mexico, Mo., on the following terms: Rolla Boy, $15 to insure a mare in foal, or $10 by the season. Pride of Tweed, $10 to insure in foal, or $8 by the season. Season money due July 1, 1889, and if the mare fails to get in foal she can be bred next year free of charge; insurance money due when fact is ascertained, the mare parted with or removed from the neighborhood. Care taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility incurred. For full pedigree of this stock see bills.

Chas. D. Rodgers.

The Fine Trotting Bred Stallion,

ALLAIRE,

(4312,)

Will stand the present season at my stables, 1 1-2 miles east of Molino, Mo., and will serve mares at $10 the season, or $15 to insure a colt to stand up and suck.

By season, money due at end of season; by insurance, when fact is ascertained or mare parted with or removed from the neighborhood.

Allaire (4312) is a brown stallion, 15 3-4 hands high and was foaled in 1883. He was sired by Indianapolis, 2:21; 1st dam Ace Ethel, by Jim Monroe (835); Allaire is one of the best bred trotting horses in the state. His extended pedigree can be seen on printed bills and at his stable.

Also, at the same place, the fine Jack,

King Midas!

At $8 to insure, money due as above.

Midas is a black jack with mealy nose and white belly, is 14 1-2 hands high and is a sure foal getter. He was sired by Tom Benton; his dam was sired by Maj. Lawder's "John," he by Esparto, imported from Spain. His dam was sired by Bob Miller's jack, imported from Spain to Bourbon county, Ky. King Midas' dam was out of a black Mammoth jennet. Care taken to prevent accidents but not responsible should any occur.

Pasturage free to mares from a distance. J. W. WEAVER.

The Fine Young Stallion,

- Thunderbolt -

Will stand the present season at my premises, 1-4 of a mile Northeast of Martinsburg, Mo., at $8 to insure a living colt, money due and payable when the colt is standing up and sucks or mare parted with.

Also, at the same place and on same terms,

BRUCE!

Gray draft stallion, 7 years old, 16 1-2 hands high.

Also, at the same place, my Fine Jack,

CARL,

At $10 to insure a living colt, on same conditions as the horses.

Pedigrees of above stock can be seen at stables.

10 per cent. off for cash, otherwise the full amount will be charged.

ADOLPH FENNEWALD.

Ayres' Hambletonian!

The property of WOOD MADDOX, can be found the present season at my stock farm, 6 miles South of Mexico, Mo.

HAMBLETONIAN is a dark brown, 6 years old, 16 hands and 1 inch high, of fine style and action and heavy bone. He will serve mares at $25 the season, with return privileges free in 1890 should mare not prove in foal, provided her owner ship shall not have changed. By insurance, $35 money due when fact is ascertained or mare parted with. Mares bred by season, money due July 1st. No new mares served after June 15th, as Hambletonian will be put in training for the circuit after that time. Full pedigree has been printed in the LEDGER this spring and can be seen at his stable.

Billy Carter drove him a full mile, trial heat, at St. Louis last fall, in 2:27 and he is confident he will trot better than 2:25 this season.

Care taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility should any occur. Season ends July 1st. Pasturage 25 cents per week.

WOOD MADDOX.

FINE STOCK!

Horse & Jack.

A. M. Harrison has bought from John M. Davis his fine draft stallion, Leo (No. 12, A. S. B. for B. H.) Leo is a dark bay, 6 years old, 16 1-2 hands high, weighs 1,800 pounds and was imported by the Wabash Importing Company, Wabash, Indiana. His colts are all uniform and are perfectly marked. Mr Harrison also purchased the fine jack, Henry. He is to be congratulated on both of these purchases. This stock has an enviable reputation as good breeders. Pasturage at reasonable rates. Not responsible for any kind of accidents, but care taken to prevent.

Terms. $15 to insure for horse, $10 to insure for jack.

Money due when fact is ascertained or mare parted with.

A. M. HARRISON,

50-tf Southeast Mexico, Mo.

CHEAP RATES.

To Lovers of Good Stock.

Missouri Artist

Sired by old Artist and the fanciest colt he ever got, and has taken more premiums than any horse of his age ever in Audrain County. He is a chestnut sorrel, 3 years old, 16 hands high, high style, and a better horse for harness and saddle than his famous sire. Dam by Old Rockaway.

CANTIVELLE!

FINE ROADSTER SEALLION.

Dark brown, 15 3-4 hands high, gentle as lamb for ladies' service, good action, sound in every respect, 6 years old. Sired by Tugg's Ethan Allen, he by old Ethan Allen, whose trotting record is 2:19. Dam, a Kentucky Whip.

Young Artist will serve a few choice mares at $10 for the season and $15 to insure in foal.

Cantivelle will serve mares at $10 to insure in foal.

This stock can be seen at Northern & Edmonston's old stand. All we want you to do is to call and examine it and you will breed.

Season money due July 1st. Insurance money due when fact is ascertained mare is in foal. Colt remains good for season or insurance money.

R. W. EDMONSTON.

Doctor Evy,

—THE—

Veterinary Surgeon,

Can be found at the old Botkin livery stable. Will attend calls promptly day or night.

"MONTROSE"

Stock Farm,

STUD THREE MILES EAST OF

Auxvasse, Callaway Co., Mo.

STALLIONS

IN SERVICE.

"MONTROSE,"

THE WORLD-RENOWNED SADDLE STALLION.

PEDIGREE.—Montrose is a mahogany bay, 16 hands high, for style and finish he has no equal. He was sired by Gay's Denmark, he by Gaines' Denmark, he by old 4-mile race horse Denmark, he by Imported Hedgeford; 1st dam by Hall's Glencoe, 2nd dam by Post Boy, 3rd dam by Jenken's Sir William, 4th dam by Imported Diomede 5th dam by Imported St. George, 6th dam by Imported Fearnaught, showing his preponderant blood is thoroughbred. Montrose is a grand premium horse, having taken $750 in premiums in 1 year. He is a graduate in almost every fair in Ky. In 1880, handled by Jasper Offett, he took the $300 Sweepstakes premium at Paris, Ky., as the best stallion of any age, it being the third consecutive year. Mr. Offett also took the premium with him at St. Louis as the best saddle stallion. In 1885, he appears again at the St. Louis Fair and took the premium for the best saddle horse, and the grand sweepstakes for the best saddle horse, mare or gelding. He is the most uniform breeder and the finest ring horse on the continent. In 1884, a